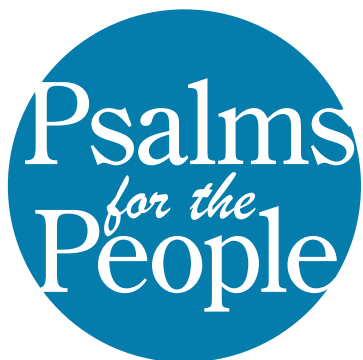


Psalms *for the* People



Jamie Stuart

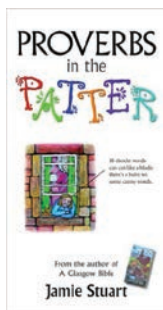
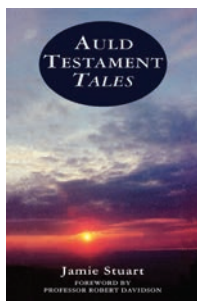
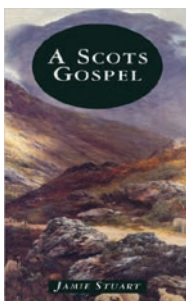


Psalms
for the
People



Jamie Stuart

By the same author



This Tract is sent out free of charge, for more information e-mail: psalmsforthepeople@btinternet.com

Passages from the above publications are published by kind permission of The Saint Andrew Press. www.standrewpress.com

Thistle and Praying Hands designed by Gillian Stuart

Zacchaeus photograph reproduced by kind permission of Collie Productions.

The author gratefully acknowledges financial support from The Drummond Trust, Stirling towards publication of this tract.

Typeset and Printed by Exacta Print Glasgow.

Contents

Introduction	2
The Creation	4
David and Goliath	6
The Mysterious Haun	8
Psalm 1	11
Psalm 8	12
Psalm 14-15	13
Psalm 16	14
Psalm 63	14
Psalm 90	15
Psalm 139	17
Psalm 148	18
Psalm 150	19
The Guid Samaritan	20
Zacchaeus	22
The Prodigal Son	24
The New Commandment	27
1 Corinthians 13	28
The Lord's Prayer	30

Introduction

Some years ago, in 1981, I had the thrill of seeing the well-known English actor, Alec McCowan, perform his one-man play.

He had memorised the entire Gospel of Mark from the Authorised Version of the Bible, and his performance was greatly acclaimed.

I was inspired, and as a former professional actor, planned to do something similar; so combining the four Gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John into one story, I memorised the whole piece.

Thereafter I performed my one-man drama all over Scotland and in Canada and New York State.

The Church of Scotland then decided to publish my work - **A Scots Gospel - Saint Andrew Press.**

The book was re-printed several times and led to more books: **Auld Testament Tales** and the No.1 Scottish Bestseller, **The Glasgow Gospel.**

My mentor, Professor Donald Smith of the Scottish Storytelling Centre in Edinburgh, has now invited me to render some of the Psalms in my own style.

So to celebrate my 95th birthday on 10th
September 2015 I have offered my rendering of a
few of the Psalms.

I believe the Scots language is powerful and
eloquent. I trust that you will agree.

Jamie Stuart

The Creation

IT wis a lang time ago, right enough - thoosans an thoosans o years since. There wis nuthin whaur the earth is the noo - absolutely nuthin at aw.

‘Weel noo,’ God says tae himsel wan day, ‘I’ll fix a wee bit dod o land - doon there.’

So, tae stert wi, God ordered up some light tae brek oot ower aw the darkness.

He then made the skies an the dry land, an gaithered up the watters an the seas. He gied them aw names.

An, wi nae mair ado, two muckle orbs appeared - the sun an the moon - tae gie light tae the earth baith day an night.

An a wee while later, God made thoosans o bright stars tae twinkle in the dark o the night.

The Maker wis fair pleased wi it aw.

‘Noo then,’ he says, ‘we’ll hae oorsels some life about the place.’

He gied oot mair orders for the earth tae burst forth wi trees an bright wee flooers.

He filled aw the watters fu o fish.

He made birds tae fly in the skies an sing sweetly

amang the trees.

It wis a brilliant warld that God wis stertin aff - an he felt sure he wis makin a guid job o it.

However, no matter how guid it wis, the land still lay empty. So God made hunners o different beasts - lions an tigers, giraffes an gazelles, grinnin hyenas, dogs an frogs, big roarin bulls an huge hippopotami - an thoosans o wee creepin craturs.

God then made folk tae look like himsel - man an wumman thegither.

‘They’ll hae herts an minds tae love me,’ God says. ‘I’m gauny pit them in charge o this hale warld - tae keep it in fine fettle.’

The Lord beamed wi gladness at his work. By this time it wis the seeventh day - an the Almighty wis due for a wee rest!

David and Goliath

King Saul sends for Davie. ‘Haud oan son, ye canny fecht Goliath. He’ll crush ye wi wan fell blow. Ye’ve got tae bear in mind he’s a giant as weel as a sodger.’

‘Aye, but yer majesty,’ says Davie, ‘the Lord is oan ma side. Ah’m no feart tae fecht the Philistine. All ah need is ma sling an five smooth stanes an ah’ll kill him for sure. Ah ken that the Lord’ll be lookin efter me. Ah’ll gie the big man laldy.’

‘Very weel,’ answers the king, shakin his heid. ‘God be wi ye, son.’

An he minded suddenly, ‘Oh, David - ye’ll be needin some armour. Here, try mine.’

Davie pits oan the royal coat o mail, but the big helmet clanks doon ower his eyes. He canny budge wi the weight o it.

‘Ach, it’s nae use, sir!’ Davie cries oot, throwin the helmet aff. ‘Ah canny fecht like this. Ah’ll manage fine withoot the gear.’

So Davie throws aff the armour an runs ower tae a stream nearby tae pick up five big chuckies for his sling.

Goliath, the big man, dauners up tae Davie an looks him up an doon. Then he raps oan his shield wi the end o his spear.

‘Are *you* the best they’ve got?’ he sneers.

‘Weel, come oan then, ya scrawny wee plook! By ma ain god, Dagon, ah’ll cut ye up for the sparras!’

‘No wey, big man,’ Davie pipes up, ‘it’s *your* body that’ll go tae the birds. For I come in the name o *Israel’s* God an he’ll gie me the upper haun the day.’

Fair roarin by noo, Goliath moves in, an Davie lets fly wi his biggest chuckie.

It *wheechs* through the air, smashin inty the forehead o the big man.

Goliath teeters for a wee bit an then crashes doon tae the grun, flat oan his face.

‘An noo, tae make sure ... ,’ Davie yells.

He ran tae the giant, hauled up the sword - an sliced aff his heid.



The Mysterious Haun

AFTER some years, Nebuchadnezzar passes oan, an young Belshazzar is made the new King o Babylon.

Wan night he throws a great binge in the palace for a thoosan o his lords, for aw his wives - an his concubines an aw.

Weel, as ye can imagine, the bevvie is flowin freely an the party in fu swing when Belshazzar shouts oot, 'Bring me the golden cups taken fae the temple o the Jews. We'll drink a toast tae oor ain gods the night.'

By the time the cups arrive, the guests are *miraculous!*

'Here's tae the guid gods o stane, iron an brass!' goes the toast.

The hale mob screeches wi laughter.

But suddenly, every single wan o the revellers goes quiet, their eyes riveted tae the wall ower the king's caunlesticks. A human haun appears oot o thin air an sterts tae write oan the wall.

Belshazzar's trimmlin wi fear - his knees knockin thegither.

‘Bring oot the astrologers!’ he yells.

‘The first wan tae get tae the bottom o this writin will be richly rewarded.’

But nane o the wise men ken the meanin o the words.

Then the queen mither minds how Daniel read the dream o Nebuchadnezzar.

‘Send for Daniel, the Jew,’ she whispers tae the young king. ‘He’s yer man!’

So Daniel wis brought in an telt tae sit doon.

‘They say you can solve every kinna mystery,’ Belshazzar cried. ‘Weel cast yer eyes oan the writin above thae caunlesticks. Tell me its meanin an I’ll gie ye a purple jaiket an a gold chain in return ... aye, an mebbe I’ll make ye prime meenister as weel. Whit dae ye say tae that, then?’

‘I’ll gie ye a meanin,’ says Daniel, ‘but ye can keep yer prizes - they’re no for me. As for the writin, weel I hiv tae warn yer majesty, ye’re no gauny like whit ah’ve got tae say.

‘Sir, look close at the words oan the wall. *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Parsin* mean *number, weight an division*. *Number* means jist that - “Yer number’s up!” *Weight* means that God has fund ye oot tae be a bit

lightweight, accordin tae his rules. *Division* means that yer land will be split an gien tae the Medes an Persians. Ye see, yer majesty - ye let doon the wan true God when ye drank fae the sacred cups taken from his temple.'

In spite o Daniel's dismal forecast, Belshazzar wis as guid as his word. Soon Prime Meenister Daniel wis collectin his purple jaike, as weel as his golden chain! However - that very night Belshazzar wis slain, an Darius the Mede sat upon the throne.

Mene Mene
Tekel
Parsin



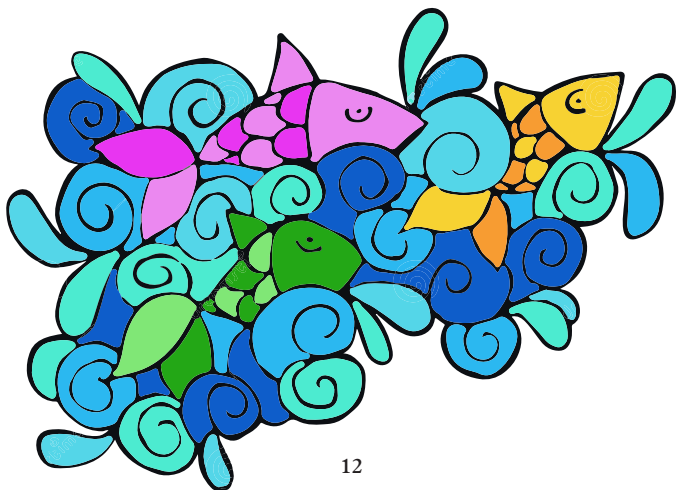
Psalm 1

Blythe is the man
Who doesnae hing oot wi the ungodly,
Or alang wi sinners,
or who sits doon wi mockers.
His hale hert sides wi the law o the lord;
An ower his word, he dovers.
He shall be like the tree plantit by the watter;
it fruits gey weel in its season;
Whit a different kettle o fish for the ungodly!
-they blaw awa like chaff on the breeze.
On the day o judgement they'll be gey shooglie,
An willna stand amang the godly.
The lord kens weel the gate o the righteous,
but the ungodly folk will dwine awa.

Psalm 8

Dear God, laird o us aw, whit majesty is yours
in aw the world! Like wee bairns singin oot thy
praise, ye hiv rebuked the atheist. When I gaze
tae the heavens, the work o yer fingers, an see the
moon an stars ye hiv set thegither, what is man,
say I, that ye bear him in mind?

Ye hiv given him control o aw yer ain haun's
work, along with care o coos an beasties, an deer
forbye - aye, as weel as the burds in the lift an aw
that glides ben in the watters o the seas.



Psalm 14-15

The gowk, in his hert says “There is nae God”,
Lord, wha shall bide at yer heavenly table?

I say, the wans wha obey God in aw things an
dae whit is right; he wha shuns double dealin and
works nae ill tae his freens.

His siller doesnae grow tae gaither gear an taks
nae fee aff a poor soul. Aye, for sure Lord, we ken
that ye bless the guid folk.

Psalm 16

Guard me weel, dear God, for I worship you alane.

Ye hiv telt me Lord that I am yer ane; I see nae guid in ithers.

The wise council ye give when I rise remains in my sleepin hert.

I'm joyous in my hale body; my hert is strang.

I ken I'm no bound for the pit - it's no for me.

Psalm 63

Dear Maister, you are my ain.

My soul thirsts for you alane - jist as in a weary land wi nae watter.

As I hiv seen thee in thy holy hoose, I will bless thee as lang as I live.

Your love tae me is mair than life itsel.

My soul is fed wi riches an as I dover in bed at night, I ken yer right haun grips me fast.

My enemies who wid destroy me will meet their paiks!

Aw that swear by God will be gey blessed - an the mooths o liars will be stappit for aw time.

Psalm 90

Dear Faither, ye hiv been oor hame in aw the ages, afore ye gied birth tae the hills an created the warld; aye, frae wan langsyne tae anither, ye hiv been oor God.

Ye turn men back tae dust, sayin “back tae whaur ye cam frae, sons o men!”

A thoosan years tae ye are jist wan day; like a day jist petered oot, or a wee oor in the nicht.

Ye hae drookit them awa as wi a flood; we bide nae langer than a dream; nae mair than weeds that sprout in the morn, an in the nicht are cut doon an wither.

We are demolished by yer wrath an terrifeed by yer fury.

Ye hiv set oor fauts afore ye, oor weel-happit sins in the licht o yer ee.

All oor days pass awa under yer glower, an oor years feenish wi a groan. The stretch o oor days is seeventy years, an ten mair if we hiv smeddom.

Their span is but dark an dreesome, then wi a gliff we fly hame. Who kens the full pooer o yer

anger? Who kens whit dreid yer rage can bring?

Till the coont o oor days, keep us tae ken a hert
o wisdom.

Dear faither, how lang will it take? Hiv pity, dear
God on yer people!

Strike us wi love in the mornin. Then shall we
dance an be blythe aw oor days. Make us happy
for as lang as ye hiv afflicted us, an the years we
hae seen jist ill.

Let yer work be kent tae yer servants, an yer
glories tae their bairns.

May the will o the Lord oor God be amang us,
an mak guid the work of oor hauns - aye Lord, gie
oor work yer blessins.

Psalm 139

Dear Faither, you created my wondrous body, an knitted it thegither in my mither's womb. I gie ye thanks for makin me sae brilliant.

Ye kent me afore I wis born, an planned each day o my life afore I could breathe. Every day wis pit doon in yer book.

How incredible , dear God, tae ken that ye are thinkin about me aw the time. I canna even coont the times, an each mornin ye're cosy by my side.

Oh blessed Faither o mine, let it be that ye will examine me, an ken my thoughts. Check me for my sins, dear God, an then set me along the road toe Eternity.

AMEN

Psalm 148

Hallelujah! Gie praise tae the Lord in his holy
hoose. Gie him praise in the tapmaist heights. Gie
thanks tae the heralds o heaven.

Laud him for baith sun, moon an aw the shinin
stars o light along wi the watter o the seas.

Gie awesome wonder in the hail, an snaw, an ice
cairryin oot God's will.

Praise God fae the mountains an howes; for
beasts o the field an creepycrawlies, an bonny
burds on the wing.

Dear Faither, gie honest power tae aw the kings
in the world, an aw the guid folk, baith lads an
lassies, auld folk an bairns. Gie them aw strength
tae love yer majesty!

Psalm 150

Hallelujah! Gie praise tae God in his holy-kirk,
praise Him in the majesty o His heaven.

Praise Him wi the toot o a bugle blast.

Praise Him wi dancin an drummin.

Praise Him wi crashin cymbals. Aye! Let aw
ye can blaw through ding oot praise tae the
Lord.



The Guid Samaritan

WAN day an expert lawyer tried tae trick Jesus. He said tae him, ‘Maister, ah’m keen tae hiv this everlastin life that God has promised. How dae ah get it?’

Jesus said, ‘Ye hiv the answer right there in yer law-book, ma freen - whit does it say?’

An the lawyer replied, ‘Ye’ve got tae love the Lord God wi yer hale hert, soul, mind an strength; an ye’ve got tae love yer neebour as weel as ye love yersel.’

‘No bad,’ said Jesus. ‘Jist dae that an ye’ll please God.’

But the lawyer wisny contented wi that an asked again, ‘Aye - but jist exactly who is my neebour?’

Jesus decided tae illustrate his meanin wi a wee story:

‘Wan day,’ he said, ‘a man wis travellin alang the dangerous road fae Jerusalem tae Jericho. Suddenly some rough yins laid inty him, whipped aw his gear an claes, an left the puir sowl hauf deid.

‘Noo a Jewish priest happened tae be gaun doon

that same road. He sees the man lyin there, turns his heid, an gies him a nifty body-swerve.

‘In the same wey, a Levite comes oan the scene, offers nae help, an jist leaves the puir auld punter lyin there.

‘Finally, a Samaritan comes along the road. He sees the man an is touched wi pity. He goes ower tae him, kneels doon, an cleans his wounds. Then he pits him oan his ain donkey an fixes him up at the nearest inn. He looks efter him durin the night, an in the mornin squares up wi the innkeeper, promisin tae look in oan his wey back.’

Jesus then turned tae the lawyer, ‘Noo then, which wan o thae three wis a neebour tae the wounded traveller?’

‘Ach, dead easy,’ said the lawyer, ‘the man that wis kind tae him.’

Jesus answered, ‘Right then, Jimmy, jist you dae the same!’

Zacchaeus

WHEN Jesus went oan inty Jericho, there wis this man cawd Zacchaeus. He wis the heid tax man for the district an so wis quite rich - in fact he wis really loaded!

But though he had plenty o money, he wisny whit ye might caw happy, an he wis dead keen tae meet this Jesus he'd heard aw about.

Zacchaeus, bein a wee man, canny get near oan accoont o the great crowd o folk roon about Jesus. So he decides tae sclim up a sycamore tree beside the road tae watch.

When Jesus eventually comes alang, he spies Zacchaeus. Lookin up, he shouts, 'Hi there, wee man - come doon will ye! Ah've decided tae invite masel tae yer hoose for a meal this efternin.'

Tae say that wee Zacchaeus wis fair chuffed is pittin it mildly!

But the rest o the folk, by the wey, wir no very pleased that Jesus wis gauny eat wi a bloke they cawd a crook.

But already Zacchaeus is a chinged man! He says tae Jesus, 'Lord, see me? Ah'm gauny gie hauf



o ma money tae the puir. An ah'll promise tae look efter aw the folk that ah've cheated, so ah will.'

Jesus turned roon tae the dumfoonert crowd an telt them tae haud their wheesht: 'This man wis a sinner,' he said. 'He's fund peace at last.'

The Prodigal Son

JESUS told a story about a man who had two sons.

The younger wan said tae his faither, ‘Hey faither, kin ah ask ye a favour? Why no gie me ma share o the faimily gear right noo, tae save me waitin till yer deid?’

The faither wis hurt, but agreed, an split his property between the two sons. A wee while efter, the younger son picked up aw his gear an left hame for the bright lights an the big city.

It wisny lang afore he wasted his hale fortune oan the bevvly, an the parties, an livin it up. Jist when he wis hittin rock bottom, a terrible famine swept ower the country. He needed work right bad, but aw he cud get wis a job wi a fermer, feedin the pigs. He wis so famished that he cud’ve fair eaten the beans the pigs were scoffin. Naebody took pity oan him.

Finally he gets wise an says tae himsel, ‘Ach, ah’m aff ma heid, so I am - at hame even ma faither’s servants are weel looked efter, an here’s me stervin. Ah’ll jist need tae bottle ma pride an

go hame. Ah'll confess tae ma faither that ah've done wrang an ask him tae sign me up along wi the servants.'

So he gets up an sterts oot for hame. He's still a lang wey fae his hoose when his faither catches sight o him an runs oot tae meet him. He throws his airms aroon his son an kisses him.

The boy wis greetin, 'Ah'm sorry faither - honest! Ah'm jist a loser an no fit tae be cawd yer son.'

But his faither shouted tae the servants, 'Fetch oot some nice clean claes for ma boy, an a ring for his finger - aye, an ah want ye tae kill the prize calf. Wir gauny hiv oorsels a real celebration this night!'

Noo the big brither wis comin in fae the fields. When he came near the hoose, he heard the music an jiggin. He cawd tae wan o the servants an asked whit wis up. 'Yer wee brither's come back hame, sir', he wis telt. 'Aye, an we're celebratin like. Yer faither has even killt the prize coo for the feast.'

The big brither wis beelin - an widny go inty the hoose. So the faither comes oot tae reason wi him.

He answers his faither, 'Noo, haud oan an listen

tae me. Ah've slaved for ye aw thae years an ye didny even wance gie a party for me. An noo that wee nyaff comes back! Been oan the randan, so he has! Spent aw yer money oan booze an hooers! An ye kill yer best coo for him?!

The faither wis hurt at aw this. 'Ma son; he says tae him, 'Ye've aye been here wi me. Ye must ken that aw that's mine is yours. But ye see, it wis right tae celebrate. Ah thought ma son wis deid- an he's come back tae life. He wis lost - an noo he's come hame.'

The New Commandment

JESUS then took his disciples tae wan side an telt them, ‘Ah’ll soon hiv tae leave ye aw - an though ye search for me, ye canny follow efter. So listen, here’s ma new command for ye: Ah want ye tae love wan anither, jist the wey I loved ye aw. That’s the only wey that ye can prove tae folk that you are ma followers. There’s nae greater love in aw the world than this, that a man should lay doon his life for his freens. Don’t let yer hert get heavy. Trust oan God - trust oan me. An mind, there are plenty rooms in ma faither’s hoose. Ah’m gaun there tae prepare a place for every wan o ye. When things are ready, ah’ll come back for ye an we’ll aw be thegither wance mair

1 Corinthians 13

I may speak wi the tongues o men an angels, but if I hiv nae luv in ma hert, I'm jist a noisy gong or a clangin cymbal.

I may hiv the gift o prophecy, an ken aw aboot life's mysteries; I may hiv faith strang enough tae shift mountains - but still in aw, hiv nae luv in ma hert - I am nothing.

I may dole oot aw that I possess, an even gie up ma body tae the flames, but if I hiv nae luv in ma hert, I am nane the better o it.

Luv is aye patient an kind; isna aye graspin; it disna blaw its ane trumpet.

Luv has guid manners, an disna haud wi selfish traits. It isna touchy.

Luv disna gloat ower ither folks sins, but rejoices wi the truth.

Luv kens nae limit tae its endurance, nae end tae its trust, nae fadin o its hope: it will exist for aw eternity.

Luv winna fail.

Dae we hiv prophets? Their day will be ower.

Are we cairried awa wi tongues? They will gie ower.

Is there knowledge? It will vanish awa.

For we ken noo in pairt, an we prophecy in pairt; but when perfection comes, the partial will feenish.

When I wis a bairn, I had the speech o a bairn, the mind o a bairn, an the thochts o a bairn; but noo that I am grown tae manhood, I have pit awa bairnlike things.

For the noo we can see an understaun jist a wee bit aboot God; but wan day we will see him in aw his glory; aye, face tae face.

I ken noo in pairt, but wan day I shall ken it aw, even as God sees intae ma hert richt noo.

There are three things that bide forever: faith, hope and luv; the greatest o the three is luv.

The Lord's Prayer

Faither o us aw, bidin oan high

We ken yer name is holy.

Let yer blessins stert, an let yer rules be carried
oot, here right noo, jist like in Heaven.

Gie us breid for the day, Lord, an let us aff the
hook for aw oor fauts - an we'll dae the same for
them that gie us a hard time.

Dear God, keep us awa from temptation, an save
us from the evil one.

For sure the Kingdom is aw yours Lord, alang
wi the power, an the hale glory, aye even tae the
feenish o time.

AMEN



Jamie Stuart is a storyteller whose enthusiasm bubbles over with life at ninety-five years of age. This booklet contains some of his most recent versions of the Psalms, along with a few jewels from his best-selling books *The Glasgow Bible* and *A Scots Gospel*. For thirty five years Jamie has been telling Bible stories in the Guid Scots Tongue. This is a wee taster to whet your appetite.

“A braw wee book o life burstin wi words o love, joy an wisdom.”

PROF. DONALD SMITH
DIRECTOR, SCOTTISH STORYTELLING FESTIVAL



PROUD COMMONWEALTH
BATONBEARER IN 2014
JAMIE STUART